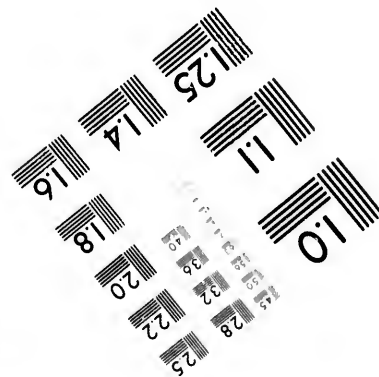
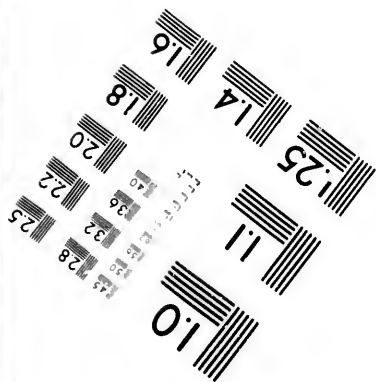
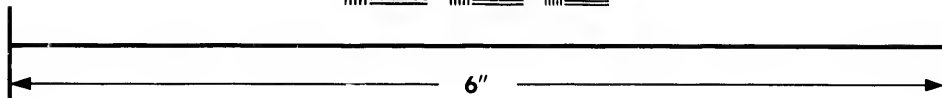
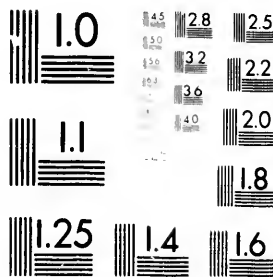


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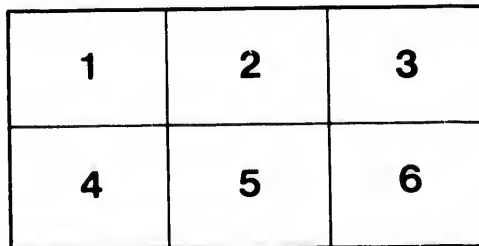
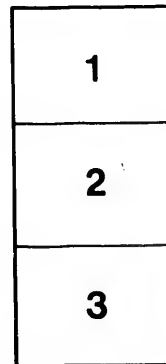
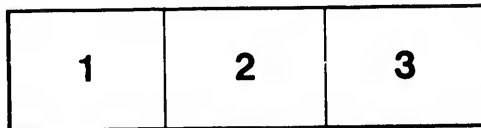
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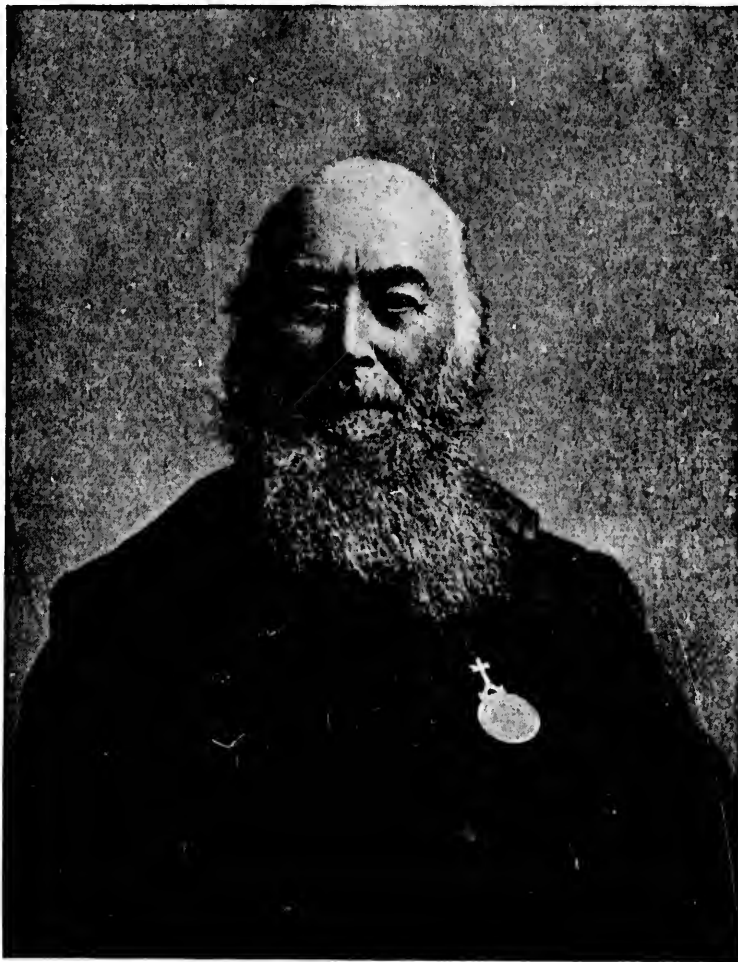
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# FATHER CHINIQUY'S DYING CONFESSION.

THIRD EDITION.



*Elliot & Fry*

Made on 16th January, 1899, in presence of Mr.  
George Lighthall, Notary, and Mr. William  
Grant Stewart, Doctor of Medicine.

*To which is appended a brief Sketch of his Life.*

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## PREFACE.

**A**T a time like the present when many Protestants seem to have become almost oblivious of the priceless boon of religious liberty, which has been won for them by the life's-blood of their forefathers, when the heroic deeds of the noble army of martyrs who perished at the hands of the Church of Rome rather than submit to its monstrous fallacies seem to be well-nigh forgotten, it is refreshing to read such a clear and unmistakable declaration as that made in the following confession.

Having been for fifty years in the Church of Rome, Father Chiniquy was well qualified surely to judge of its inner workings, and he spoke with no uncertain sound. His scathing exposures of the vile practices of this gigantic system of iniquity are unanswerable and ought to make all Protestants worthy of the name strain every effort in the struggle against this mighty foe of humanity.

May the Christians of this country rise as one man, and standing shoulder to shoulder meet this impious and implacable enemy of the Cross of Christ. We need not dread the issue of such a conflict. The fight may be fierce, but the armies of the Lord are against the forces of idolatry and superstition; they are marshalled on the side of the champions of truth and purity, and sooner or later they are bound to win the day!

When we read in our newspapers of the inroads of the Church of Rome, and hear of her arrogance and presumption on every hand, we are sometimes tempted to think that Protestants will never wake from the death-like sleep into which they have been soothed.

But the "darkest hour is just before the dawn."

Perhaps the following earnest words from him, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," may bear some little share in sounding the "reveille"!

*THE following is the Confession of faith of the Rev. CHARLES CHINIQUY, of the town of Montreal, evangelist, minister of the Gospel, and doctor in theology, having been up to the age of 50 an ordained priest in the Roman Catholic Church.*

*The Confession was made on the 10th of January, 1899, in the presence of Mr. GEORGE LIGHTHALL, notary, and in the presence of WILLIAM GRANT STEWART, doctor of medicine. These witnesses testify to the soundness of mind of Dr. CHINIQUY, proved by his actions, conversation, and conduct.*

**C**ONVINCED that my mortal life is now near its end [Dr. Chiniquy was at his death 90 years old], and that I must soon leave this earth to enter the presence of the Most High God, and of my blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ,—I declare here, before the Almighty God, that the following lines contain the faithful expression of the faith in which I die; and also, some of the plain reasons for which I refuse, and will always refuse, to replace myself under the yoke of the Pope or, to return to his Church, commonly called the Roman Catholic Church, of which Church I was formerly and for many years the accredited priest.

I commit my soul into the hands of the Almighty God, my Creator, by the mediation of Jesus Christ alone, my Divine Redeemer, whose merits are infinite.

I declare plainly by this present confession that I am a Protestant. In becoming a Protestant I have definitely and for ever accepted as my only Saviour Jesus Christ, firmly believ-

ing that God has forgiven me all my sins in His love, and I accept His holy word as my only guide.

I cannot return to the bondage of the Church of Rome for the following reasons, chosen from amongst many others:—

(1) The doctrine of the Apostolic succession from Peter to Leo XIII. is an imposture. One cannot find in the Gospel a single word to prove that Peter ever passed a single hour at Rome. The superiority or supremacy accorded by the Roman Catholic Church to Peter, above the other Apostles, is another imposture. Every time that the twelve Apostles questioned the Saviour as to which of them should be the first, the chief, the pope, He always replied that in His Church there should be none first, or chief, or pope, of such sort. And more than this, He replied positively to the mother of Zebedee's children that He had not received from His Father the authority to set one of His Apostles above the rest. "To sit at My right hand or at My left is not Mine to give" (Mat. xx. 23). We have an irrefutable and infallible proof that our Saviour did not place Peter at the head of the other Apostles, as the first, the chief, or the pope, in the dispute which arose amongst the Apostles shortly before His death. "There was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest" (Luke xxii. 24). Such a dispute would never have arisen if Jesus Christ had appointed Peter to be the greatest or the first among them. They would certainly have known it, and Jesus Christ would have answered them, "Have you, then, so



soon forgotten that Peter is the greatest amongst you; that he ranks the highest since the day when I laid the foundation of My Church? But far from answering thus, the Son of God reproved His Apostles, and said, "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, but this shall not be so amongst you" (Luke xxii. 25). Not only was this pretended primacy of Peter, forged in modern times, never recognised by any of the Apostles, but it was openly and positively denied by Paul. "For He that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles" (Gal. ii. 8). "And when James, Cephas, and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision." Here Peter is named only after James, a thing which St. Paul would not have done if he had had any knowledge of the marvellous superiority and supremacy of Peter above the other Apostles. The following are also the words of St. Paul: "When Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed" (Gal. ii. 11). It is evident that Paul had not the least idea that Peter was in any way superior to himself, when he withstood him to the face, and yet more when he wrote these lines. It is clear that the Holy Ghost inspired Paul with the thought of giving us here the account of his energetic resistance to Peter, withstanding him to the face, in order that we might not be deceived by the great imposture of

the supremacy of Peter, which supremacy is the corner-stone of the apostate Church of Rome.

(2) I will never again be a Roman Catholic because the Church of Rome is an idolatrous Church. She adores God: yes, but the god which she adores is made out of a little cake which is upon her altars. At every hour of his sacerdotal life the priest is guilty of the crime which Aaron committed when he made the golden calf. The only difference between him and Aaron is that Aaron's god was made of gold, and the god of the priest is made of a piece of paste, cooked by nuns or servant girls between two flat and hot iron plates. The Church of Rome has a Christ on her altars,—yes, and she displays a true reverence towards this Christ, or rather these Christs to which she is truly devoted. She exalts their power and their mercy. She sings beautiful hymns in their honour. But the Christs which she adores are denounced by our Saviour in the 24th chapter of St. Matthew: "There shall arise false Christs, which shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect. . . . If they shall say unto you, behold He is in the secret chambers, believe it not." I see now how this terrible prophecy is fulfilled in the Church of Rome, every time that she obliges her faithful members to fall down before these Christs made of little cakes, placed in the secret receptacles of the church. The Roman Catholics believe in these Christs, although the Son of God said, "Believe them not." They go to church to adore that wafer god, although the true Christ

said "Go not after them." In vain does the Roman Church say that Christ gave to His priests the power to make a God of one of these little cakes. I answer that Christ Himself had not the power to make God, nor to make Himself out of an engraved cake. For His Father had forbidden such acts of folly and idolatry when, amidst the thunders and lightnings of Mount Sinai, He said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them, for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate Me."

Christ came to fulfil and not to violate the commandments of His Father. He could not give to the Church of Rome the permission or the power to transgress them, in commanding, as they pretend, that they should take a little engraved cake, change it into God, and kneel down before it. For that is idolatry—yes, true and shameful idolatry.

When Christ told us to eat His body and drink His blood, He employed the same figure as when He said that He would eat the passover. Though He used the words, "I will eat this passover," He could not do it for the simple reason that the passage of the destroying angel through the land of Egypt was not a thing that could be eaten. But the lamb that was laid on the table in remembrance of that passover could be eaten as a remembrance of the passover.

Therefore that lamb was called the passover. Thus, according to the same figure of speech, the body of Christ was not to be eaten, nor could any one drink His blood, but the bread was to be eaten which represented His body, and this bread was then called His body, for the same reason and by the same rules of speech that the lamb was called the passover. Though it was not the passover, it represented it. It is in the same way, and according to the same use of language, that when we look at a marble statue of Queen Victoria, we say, "That is Queen Victoria." We are aware that it is not at all Queen Victoria, but merely a representation of her.

(3) I shall never return to the Roman Catholic religion, because all the bishops and all the priests of the Church of Rome are obliged to perjure themselves every time they explain a text of Holy Scripture. Yes, though I am using, in thus speaking, very hard and strong language, I am telling the bare truth. Since the day when he swore, at his ordination, only to interpret the Holy Scriptures according to the unanimous consent of the holy fathers, the priest has rarely preached on a Bible text without being guilty of perjury. For, after having attentively studied the holy fathers, I am ready to prove that they are only unanimous on one single point, which is to differ as to almost every single text which they have commented upon in their writings. For example—a priest cannot say without perjuring himself, that when Christ said to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church," He was

alluding to Simon as the stone which was to be the foundation stone of the Church. For the priest knows very well that Saint Augustine and many other fathers said that Christ was speaking of Himself when He said, "Upon this rock I will build my Church." (Matt. xvi. 18).

(4) I can never again be a Roman Catholic, for I know that auricular confession is a diabolical institution, as I have amply proved in my book "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional."

(5) I will never return to Roman Catholicism, for I have seen with my own eyes that which passes inside the walls of Rome. I have found there every abomination which defiles this earth. Priestly celibacy is a diabolical invention. The purgatory, full of poor souls who burn there, and are only saved by the payment of money to the Church, is a diabolical invention. The prohibition to eat meat on certain days is a diabolical invention. The infallibility of the Pope, and the "immaculate conception of the mother of God," are diabolical inventions.

(6) God helping me, I will never think of returning to the Church of Rome, or being reconciled to her, for her priests, her bishops, and her popes have shed the blood of millions of martyrs, from John Huss to our dear brother Hackett. On the hands of the popes I see the blood of 75,000 Protestants massacred on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, and the blood of half a million Christians slaughtered on the mountains of Piedmont.

(7) I will never again be a Roman Catholic, for the Church of Rome is the implacable enemy of the laws of God, and the rights, liberties, and

privileges of man. This Church has degraded, and brought to ruin and dishonour, every nation which has been governed by her.

I could give many other reasons on account of which it would be impossible for me to be again a Roman Catholic; but I hope that these already mentioned are sufficient to make it clear to my dear fellow countrymen that having once for all accepted Christ and His Holy Word as my sole guide for faith and practice, I could never again bend my knee before idols and gods of cake.

It is my wish and desire that this declaration of my faith should be made public, and to this end I charge my son-in-law, the Rev. JOSEPH MORIN, of Montreal, to publish it in the English and French papers, as he shall see fit.

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### BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FATHER CHINIQUY.

Father Chiniquy was born in the town of Kamoraska, Canada, on 30th July, 1809. From his infancy he was taught the Scriptures by his pious mother, and got to love so many of the chapters that he committed them to memory. When only nine years of age he had learnt by heart the history of the creation and fall of man, the deluge, the sacrifice of Isaac, the history of Moses, the plagues of Egypt, the hymn of Moses after crossing the Red Sea, the most interesting events in the life of David, several Psalms, the parables of Christ, and the whole history of our Saviour as narrated by John. Father Chiniquy thus describes an incident in his early life which much impressed him:—

“One day when I was at home with my parents the priest of the village came on a visit. His name was Rev. Mr. Courtois, a man of unpleasant appearance. This priest was born in France where he had a narrow escape of being condemned to death under the administration of Robespierre. He found a refuge, however, first in England and latterly in Canada. On this occasion he addressed my

father, 'Mr. Chiniquy, is it true that you and your child read the Bible?'

"'Yes, sir,' was the quick reply 'we do, and what is more my little boy has learnt by heart a great number of its most interesting chapters. If you will allow it, Mr. Curate, he will give you some of them.' 'I did not come for that purpose,' abruptly replied the priest, 'but do you not know that you are forbidden by the holy council of Trent to read the Bible, and that it is my painful duty to get the Bible from you and burn it.'

"Quick as lightning my father was on his feet, while I clung trembling to my mother's gown. My father's anger was terrible, and I feared a violent scene was about to take place for he paced the room with a double quick step, his lips pale and trembling. The priest closely watched my father's movements, his hands pressing his heavy cane, and his face giving the evidence of a too well grounded terror.

"'Sir,' said my father, 'is that all you have to say here?' 'Yes, sir,' said the trembling priest. 'Well,' added my father, 'you know the door by which you entered my house, please take the same door and go away quickly.' The priest went out immediately. I felt an inexpressible joy when I saw that my Bible was safe. I ran to my father's neck, kissed him, and thanked him for his victory, and to pay him in my childish way I jumped upon the table and recited in my best style the fight between David and Goliath. Of course, in my mind, my father was David and the priest of Rome was the giant whom the little stone from the brook had stricken down. Thou knowest, O God, that it is to that Bible read at my mother's knee I owe the knowledge of the truth to-day; that the Bible had sent to my young heart and intelligence rays of light which all the dark errors of Rome could never completely extinguish."

When Chiniquy was twelve years old his father died. Shortly after the funeral they were again visited by Rev. Mr. Courtois who demanded money from the poor widow in order that prayers should be made for the deliverance of her husband from the flames of purgatory. Mrs. Chiniquy had been left quite penniless, and told the priest so, "but," she added, "you see that cow in the meadow not far from the house; her milk and the butter made from it form the principal part of my children's food. I hope you will not take her away from us. If, however, such a sacrifice must be made to deliver my poor husband's soul from purgatory,

take her as payment of the masses to be offered to extinguish those devouring flames." "Very well," said the priest, and deliberately directing his steps towards the meadow he drove the cow before him in the direction of his home.

In the month of August, 1829, Chiniquy finished his classical course of study in the college of Nicolet, and on 4th May, 1832, irrevocably consecrated himself to the Church of Rome by taking the vow of celibacy and accepting the office of sub-deacon. It was not, however, till 21st September, 1833, that he was raised to the priesthood in the cathedral of Quebec. "No words," he says, "can express the solemnity of my thoughts when the delegate of the Pope, imposing his hands on my head, gave me the power of converting a real wafer into the real substantial body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ! The bright allusion of Eve as the deceiver told her 'Ye shall be as Gods,' was child's play with what I felt when assured by the voice of my church that I was not only on equal terms with my Saviour, but I was in reality above Him, and that hereafter I would not only command but create Him!"

Father Chiniquy was a faithful priest of Rome, and performed the duties which devolved upon him with the utmost conscientiousness. He thus describes his first administration of the Mass: "When the bell rang to tell me that the hour was come to clothe myself with the golden priestly robes and go to the altar, my heart beat with such a rapidity that I came very near fainting. The holiness of the action I was to do, the infinite greatness of the sacrifice I was about to make, the Divine Victim I was to hold in my hands and present to God the Father, the wonderful miracle of transubstantiation I was about to perform, filled my soul and my heart with such sentiments of terror, joy, and awe, that I was trembling from head to foot.

"It is not an easy thing to go through all the ceremonies of the Mass. There are more than one hundred different ceremonies and positions of the body which must be preserved with the utmost perfection. To omit *one* of them willingly is eternal damnation. To make one's self believe that he can convert a piece of bread into God requires such a supreme effort of the will, and complete annihilation of intelligence, that the state of the soul after the effort is over is more like death than life. I had really persuaded myself that I had done the most holy and sublime action of my life, when in fact I had been guilty of the most outrageous act of idolatry.



My eyes, my hands and lips, my mouth and tongue, and all my senses, as well as the faculties of my intelligence were telling me that what I had seen, touched, eaten, was nothing but a wafer; but the voices of the Pope and his church were telling me it was the real body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. I had persuaded myself that the voices of my senses and intelligence were the voices of Satan, and that the deceitful voice of the Pope was the voice of the God of truth. Every priest of Rome has to come to that strange degree of folly and perversity every day of his life to remain a priest of Rome."

In 1836 Father Chiniquy almost fell a victim to a typhoid epidemic which raged with disastrous effects in Quebec. It was of so acute a form that nearly every one attacked succumbed in about 12 days. On the ninth day of his illness he was told there was no hope of his recovery. He was quite resigned to his fate, and invoked all the saints in heaven, beginning with the Holy Virgin Mary, that they might pray God to look down upon him in mercy and save his soul. On the thirteenth night, as the doctors were retiring, they whispered to his friends, "He is dead, or if not he has only a few minutes to live. He is already cold and breathless, and we cannot feel his pulse." Chiniquy, however, heard these words, and was suddenly seized with the idea that perhaps he would be buried alive. No words can express the sense of horror he felt at the idea. At that supreme moment he tried to think of what chance he had of salvation, invoking the help of the blessed Virgin Mary. But a terrible vision crossed his mind. Remembering the doctrine of the church that "only those go to heaven who have never offended God, or who, having offended Him, have done penance," he saw all his good works and penances in the balance of the justice of God. These were on one side of the scales and his sins on the other; but his good works seemed only as a grain of sand as compared with the weight of his sins! In this dreadful moment he felt it was useless to pray to God, so turned his thoughts to two female saints, St. Anne and St. Philomene, beseeching them to pray that his life might be spared to enable him to do more penance. He believed at this moment that he saw these saints and heard them say, "You will be cured." Strange to say, just as this happened the crisis of the fever seemed to have passed, and he felt his strength suddenly returning to him. To the amazement of the friends who believed him

dead, he stretched out his hands, which he had not moved for three days, and said, "I am cured. Please give me something to eat; I am hungry."

Some food was brought, and as Chiniquy eat it ravenously, and talked in a cheerful though feeble voice of his recovery, they could scarcely believe their eyes. He firmly believed that he was restored by the intercession of the two saints. One of his doctors was a Protestant, however, and told him subsequently that he could not believe in his theory about the miraculous intervention of the saints, but that the so-called vision was simply the turning-point of the disease.

"There is nothing so difficult, however, as to persuade a man who does not want to be persuaded," and Father Chiniquy clung tenaciously to the vision theory, and even went the length of having a magnificent picture painted representing himself lying on a bed with the saints hovering above him. This he presented on a special occasion to the church of St. Anne, more than 10,000 people being collected inside and outside the walls of the church.

In the course of time, however, as Father Chiniquy became more acquainted with the so-called power of the saints he began to see that after all his marvellous recovery through the mercy of God, had been due to natural causes and not the result of the saints' supplications.

Father Chiniquy was a strong temperance advocate, and was the means of starting and carrying on many temperance societies, often, however, against the bitter opposition of his fellow-priests. So much was he identified with the cause of temperance that he was known as the "Canadian Apostle of Temperance."

But during all these years Chiniquy's faith in the doctrines of the Romish Church was slowly but surely crumbling to the ground. He struggled hard against these seasons of doubt, but one by one he found himself irresistibly compelled to reject the fundamental beliefs of Roman Catholicism, and finally, after a most extraordinary series of persecution and vicissitudes which would have daunted the courage of most men, he severed his connection with the Church of Rome for ever. He thus describes his extraordinary experience when he took that supreme step. He had just had a stormy interview with his bishop, to whom he had admitted that he could no longer submit to his ruling or further teach the doctrine of the Church.

"'If that be so, sir,' said the bishop, 'you can no longer

be a Roman Catholic priest.' I raised my hands to heaven, and cried aloud, 'May God Almighty be forever blessed.' I took my hat and left to go to my hotel. When alone in my room I locked the door and fell on my knees to consider, in the presence of God, what I had just done. 'My God,' I cried, 'the Church of Rome is not Thy Church. To obey the voice of my conscience, which is Thine, I give it up. When I had the choice of giving up that church or the Bible I did not hesitate; I could not give up Thy Holy Word. I have given up Rome; but, O Lord, where is Thy Church? Where must I go to be saved? Just then my eyes fell on these words in the New Testament, 'Ye are bought with a price.' 'Be not ye the servants of men.' They at once brought a great and delightful calm to my soul. I said to myself, 'Jesus has bought me, then I am His. My salvation must then be a perfect salvation, and if Jesus has perfectly saved me by shedding His blood on the Cross, I am not saved, as I have thought and preached till now, by my penances, my prayers to Mary and the saints, my confessions and indulgencies, or the flames of purgatory.' At that instant all the mummeries by which the poor Roman Catholics are so cruelly deceived—the chaplets, indulgencies, scapularies, auricular confession, invocation of the Virgin, holy water, masses, purgatory, etc.—vanished from my mind as a huge tower when struck at the foundation crumbles to the ground. Jesus alone remained in my mind as the Saviour of my soul."\*

Father Chiniquy immediately intimated his conversion to the church of which he had charge, and to his great joy the entire congregation of over 1,000 persons severed their connection with the Church of Rome along with him. This number rapidly increased till, on the 15th of April, 1860, Father Chiniquy formally joined the Presbyterian Church along with 2,000 converts. He continued to be mightily used in the Gospel till the day of his death at the advanced age of 90.

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\* We are indebted for the short extracts in the foregoing to the volume, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," by Father Chiniquy. Price 3/6. Published by Robert Banks & Son, London.

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